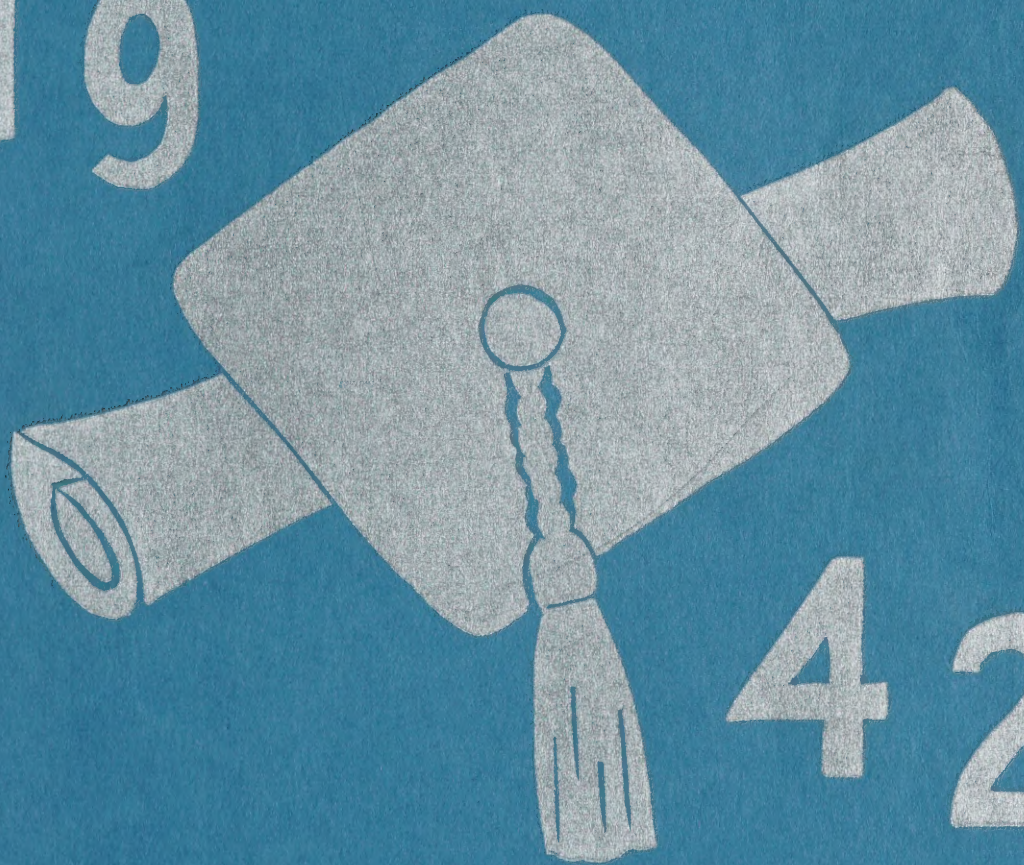


1942  
Graduation

# ABHIS

# 19



# 42

# JUNE ISSUE



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# THE ABHIS

Abington High School, Abington, Mass.



VOL. XXI

JUNE, 1942

No. 3

The ABHIS is published three times a year by the students of Abington High School, at twenty-five cents a copy. Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Business Managers. Subscriptions may be sent to the Circulation Manager. Materials for publications are earnestly requested from the Alumni of the school, and may be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

## ABHIS STAFF FOR 1941 — 1942

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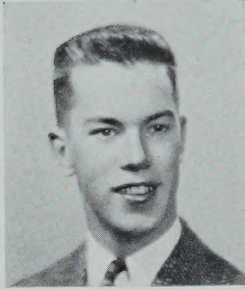
Miss Annie Chadbourne

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# Class of 1942

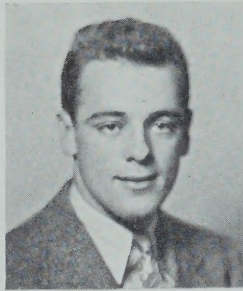
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MARK EDWARD CASEY

*Ambition — Lawyer*

Class President; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-president 3; President 4; Hi-Y Club 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4, Vice-president 3, Treasurer 4; Class Play 4.



ROBERT KEILLOR BARTEAUX

*Ambition — Business man*

Class Vice-president; Football 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; Hi-Y Club 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; Athletic Association 4, President 4; Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

CAROLYN FRANCES HOLMES

*Ambition — Surgeon's Assistant*

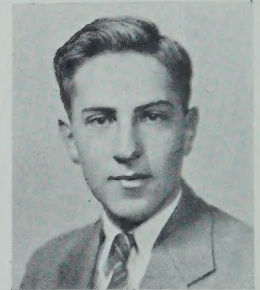
Class Secretary — Treasurer; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; *Abhis* 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 3, 4, Captain 4; Class Salutatorian.



ROBERT HENRY ADAMS

*Ambition — Air Corps Cadet*

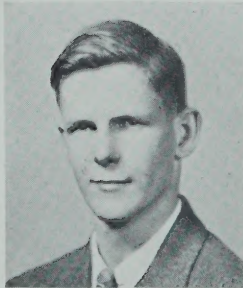
Science Club 1, 2; Band 1, 2; Class Play 4.



BEVERLY JOYCE BARLOW

*Ambition — Civil Service work*

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Library Club 2, 3, 4; Science Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 4.



CHARLES HANDEL BELLOWS, JR.

*Ambition — Alaskan Forest Ranger and Guide*

Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3; Football 1, 2, 3; Intramural basketball 1, 2.



WILLIAM JOSEPH DONOVAN

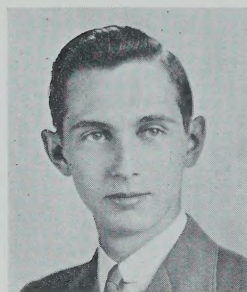
*Ambition — Business man*

Hi-Y Club 4; Boys' Glee Club 3.

LEOKARDIA ANNA DZIKIEWICZ

*Ambition — Nurse*

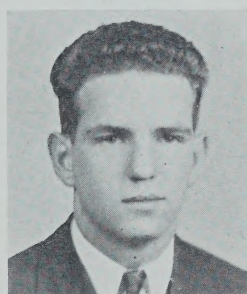
Library Club 2, 3, 4, President 4;  
English Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2; Glee  
Club 1; Foreign Correspondence Club  
1.



NAOMI RUTH FARNHAM

*Ambition — Office worker*

Glee Club 1, 2; Green and White 2, 3.



RICHARD THOMAS FREDENBURG

*Ambition — College graduate*

Football 2, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Intra-  
mural basketball 1, 2.

FRANCIS XAVIER GILPIN

*Ambition — Successful in all  
undertakings*

Abhis 4; Science Club 1; Boys' Glee  
Club 4; Class Play business manager.

GRACE ENID COUCHER

*Ambition — Laboratory technician*

Abhis 3, 4; English Club 2, 3; G. A. C.  
1, 4, Captain 4; Dramatic Club 4; Class  
Play 4.



PAUL EDWARD GRIFFIN

*Ambition — "To sweep corners out of  
a round house"*

Baseball 2, 3; Track 1, 2.

HARVEY ARTHUR GRIFFITH

*Ambition — Merchant Marine*

Science Club 1, 2; Abhis 2, 3; Baseball  
2; Intramural basketball 2, 3.

## THE ABHIS



JANE FRANCES GUMPRIGHT

*Ambition — Teacher of English and Dramatics*

*Abhis* 2, 3, 4; English Club 2, 3, Treasurer 2; Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Class Play 4.



MILDRED AGNES HARKINS

*Ambition — Private secretary*

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; *Green and White* 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 4; Class Play 4.

DAVID JOHN HILL

*Ambition — Greyhound bus driver*

Varsity basketball 2; Football 3; Intramural basketball 1, 3.



RUTH MADISON HILL

*Ambition — Successful secretary*

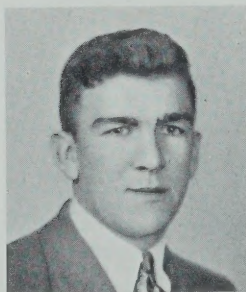
*Abhis* 4; Glee Club 1, 2; English Club 2; Library Club 2; *Green and White* 4, Art Editor 4.



NADINE VIVIAN HOOD

*Ambition — Secretary*

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4, Secretary 4; Glee Club 1; English Club 2; *Green and White* 3.



EDWARD CORNELIUS KIELY, JR.

*Ambition — To be successful*

*Abhis* 1, 2, 3; Football 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, Glee Club 4.

JOHN KRIKORIAN

*Ambition — To be successful*

Hi-Y Club 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Manager of basketball team 4.



RUTH ELIZABETH LAPOINTE

*Ambition — Secretary*

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 4, Vice-president 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 4; Library Club 2, Treasurer 2; Science Club 1.





LOUISE BLAKE

*Ambition — College graduate*

*Abhis* 1, 2, 3, 4, Literary Editor 4; English Club 2, 3, Vice-president 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3; Class Play 4; Class Valedictorian.



BERNICE MARION BROWN

*Ambition — Nurse*

*Abhis* 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 4; Science Club 2; Glee Club 1.



MARGARET LUCY BUCKLEY

*Ambition — Physical Education teacher*

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 2; Library Club 2, 3; English Club 2; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.



ALMA ROSE BUTLER

*Ambition — Stenographer*

G. A. C. 4; Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2.

OLGA LOUISE CHUILLI

*Ambition — Nurse*

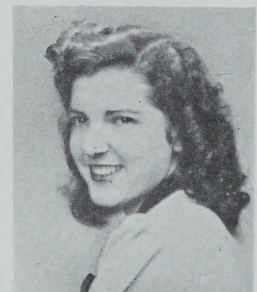
Glee Club 1; G. A. C. 3; Dramatic Club 4.



EVELYN MARION CHURCHILL

*Ambition — Teacher*

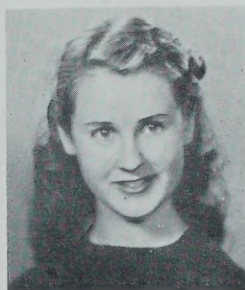
Glee Club 1; G. A. C. 4; Dramatic Club 4.



ELEANOR JESSIE COLBURN

*Ambition — To have a good time*

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4, Captain 4; *Green and White* 3, 4; Library Club 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 4.



CHRISTINE AGNES CONDON

*Ambition — Medical Secretary*

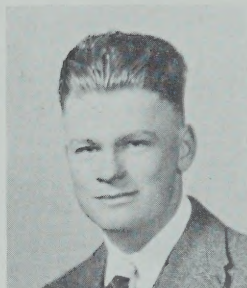
English Club 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Green and White* 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 2, 3; Glee Club 1.



MARY AGNES CULL

*Ambition — Private Secretary*

Glee Club 2, 3; G. A. C. 3, 4; *Green and White* 3; English Club 2, 3; Class Play 4.



LYMAN EDWARD CULVER

*Ambition — Farmer*

Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball manager 2, 3; Boys' Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

ALFRED LELAND CURTIS, JR.

*Ambition — Aviator or Electrician*

Band 1, 2, 4.



MEREDITH HOLDEN CURTIS

*Ambition — Nurse*

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 2, 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 4.



MARGARET ROSE D'AMATO

*Ambition — Secretary*

Science Club 1; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4.



BARBARA ELIZABETH DAMON

*Ambition — Bookkeeper*

English Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 4; G. A. C. 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

MATTHEW PETER DANKSEWICZ

*Ambition — Business man*

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity basketball 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1; Intramural basketball 1, 4.



HILDA LYDIA DiCICCO

*Ambition — Beautician or dress designer*

*Green and White* 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; G. A. C. 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Class Day Committee Chairman 4.

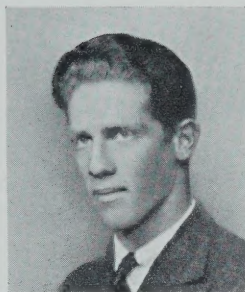




MELVIN LIBBY

*Ambition — A friend to all*

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 4; Tennis Club 3; Class Play.



MERTON CHESTER LOOMIS

*Ambition — To be successful*

Hi-Y Club 4; Science Club 2; Intramural basketball 1, 2.



THOMAS ROBERT LYNCH

*Ambition — To be successful*

Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 3, 4; Band 1, 2.

JANE MACGOWN

*Ambition — Art teacher*

Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4; *Green and White* 1, 3; Dramatic Club 4; *Abhis* 2, 3, 4, Art Editor 4; Glee Club 1, 2.

ANNIE ELEANOR MARTIN

*Ambition — Secretary*

G. A. C. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2.



JOAN ELIZABETH McANAU

*Ambition — Secretary*

Science Club 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 4; Library Club 2; Glee Club 1, 2.



ROBERT FREEMAN MELVILLE

*Ambition — United States Foreign Service*

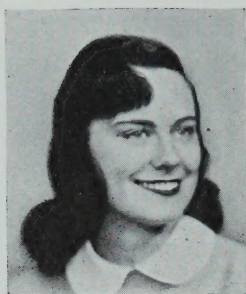
Student Council 2; Hi-Y Club 3, 4; *Abhis* 3, 4, Editor 4; Class Play 4.

FRED MILLER MERRILL

*Ambition — Structural Engineer*

Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4; *Abhis* 1, 4; Track 3, 4; Tumbling 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3.





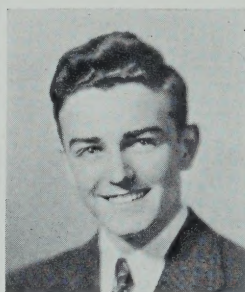
MARIE CELESTE MURPHY

*Ambition — Successful college student*Glee Club 2, 3; Science Club 3; G. A.  
C. 2, 3, 4; English Club 2.

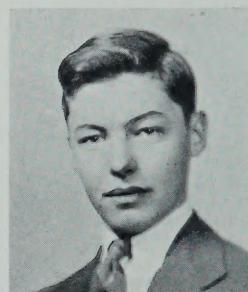
CHARLES EDWARD MURPHY

*Ambition — Baker*Science Club 1; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4;  
Football 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 2; Glee  
Club 3.

DANA WILLIAM MURRAY

*Ambition — Admiral*Intramural basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity  
basketball 1, 2; Track 1, 2; Glee  
Club 2.

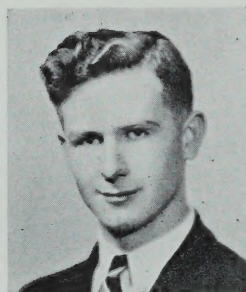
FRANKLIN ALFRED PERRY

*Ambition — Veterinarian*Abhis 2, 3, 4, Advertising Manager 4;  
Science Club 1, 2, 3; Class Play 4.

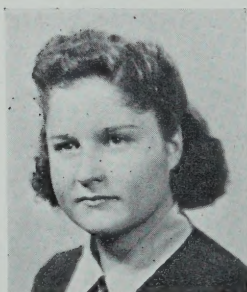
JOHN EDWARD PICKETT

*Ambition — Chemical Engineer*

Tumbling 3, 4.



RUTH ANNE REINHALTER

*Ambition — Nurse*Foreign Correspondence Club 1; G. A.  
C. 2, 3.

KENNETH DAVID ROBERTSON

*Ambition — Business man*Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3,  
4; Track 3, 4; Glee Club 3; Science  
Club 1, 2.

RICHARD NICOL ROBERTSON

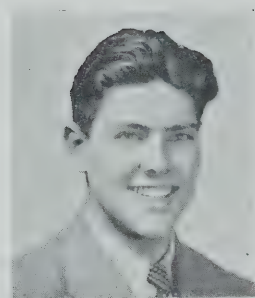
*Ambition — Chef de la cuisine*Science Club 3; Abhis 3, 4, Business  
Manager 4; Glee Club 3.



VIRGINIA ROUNDS

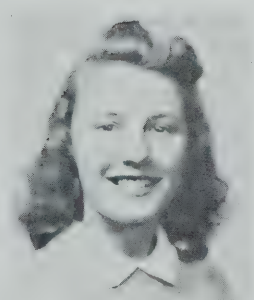
*Ambition — Nurse*

English Club 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Science Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.



EDWARD MERRILL SIMMONS

*Ambition — Sports writer or radio announcer*



BERNICE LOUISE TAYLOR

*Ambition — Office work*

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; *Green and White* 4.

MILDRED LOUISE TILLSON

*Ambition — Secretary*

G. A. C. 2, 3; Glee Club 1; Bicycle Club 2.

DOROTHY LOUISE WESTBURG

*Ambition — Nurse*

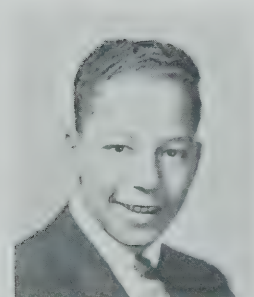
Band 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.



BESSIE LOUISE WHITMAN

*Ambition — Machinist*

Science Club 1; Bicycle Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Glee Club 1; *Green and White* 3.



GEORGE MILTON WILSEY

*Ambition — To live a life of leisure*

Football 2, 3; Track 1, 2; Glee Club 3.

JESSIE MARY WRIGHT

*Ambition — Nurse*

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 2; Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 1.



## ANDREW ROGER FISH

*Ambition — To be  
"Deep in the Heart of Texas"*

Hi-Y Club 3, 4; Boys' Glee Club 2, 3;  
Track 2; *Green and White* 4; Class  
Play 4.

## MARION LESLIE TAYLOR

*Ambition — Nurse or telephone operator*

Foreign Correspondence Club 1; G. A.  
C. 3, 4; Science Club 4; Library Club  
4; Glee Club 1.

## RUTH GERTRUDE KEENAN

*Ambition — Secretary*

G. A. C. 3, 4; Science Club 3, 4; Dra-  
matic Club 4.

## ALBERT PATRICK PAULDING

*Ambition — Merchant Marine*

## ROBERT ERLAND SKILLINGS

*Ambition — Big league hockey player*

---

## CLASS STATISTICS

Best All-Around .....	Robert Barteaux, Ruth LaPointe
Best Athlete .....	Robert Barteaux, Margaret Buckley
Best Physique .....	Robert Lynch, Louise Blake
Best Natured .....	Dana Murray, Naomi Farnham
Best Dancer .....	Richard Fredenburg, Mildred Harkins
Most Respected .....	Mark Casey, Leona Dzikiewicz
Most Popular .....	Mark Casey, Ruth LaPointe
Best Looking .....	Dana Murray, Louise Blake
Most Sincere .....	Paul Griffin, Leona Dzikiewicz
Most Typical School Boy (Girl) .....	Dana Murray, Grace Goucher
Most Retiring .....	Alfred Curtis, Alma Butler
Most Helpful to Class and School .....	Francis Gilpin, Carolyn Holmes
Most Loyal to Class and School .....	Mark Casey, Carolyn Holmes
Most Unselfish .....	Merton Loomis, Margaret Buckley
Most Considerate of Others .....	Melvin Libby, Margaret Buckley
Most Individual .....	John Krikorian, Mildred Tillson
Most Dignified .....	John Pickett, Jane Gumpwright
Best Actor (Actress) .....	Andrew Fish, Grace Goucher
Most Obliging .....	Merton Loomis, Leona Dzikiewicz
Most Tactful .....	Robert Melville, Bernice Brown
Most Friendly .....	Mark Casey, Celeste Murphy
Greatest Socialite .....	Andrew Fish, Celeste Murphy
Most Carefree .....	Charles Bellows, Grace Goucher
Most Refined .....	Robert Melville, Louise Blake
Most Industrious .....	Fred Merrill, Leona Dzikiewicz
Most Temperamental .....	Edward Kiely, Barbara Damon
Wittiest .....	Albert Paulding, Celeste Murphy
Most Popular with Teachers .....	Robert Melville, Carolyn Holmes
Most Practical .....	Mark Casey, Virginia Rounds
Best Conversationalist .....	Edward Kiely, Celeste Murphy
Best Mannered .....	Robert Skillings, Celeste Murphy
Most Conscientious .....	Fred Merrill, Leona Dzikiewicz
Neatest .....	William Donovan, Jane Gumpwright
Most Likely to Succeed .....	John Pickett, Louise Blake



## FAREWELL SONG

Good-by, dear school, we're leaving now  
 To face a world of war and strife;  
 But through it all we'll bravely stand  
 To challenge wrong and protect life.

Within these hallowed halls we've learned  
 That freedom is the common goal:  
 With this in mind we'll staunchly fight  
 To win this right of every soul.

A nation stands united, strong,  
 When all her youth, a faithful hand  
 Will raise the torch of freedom high  
 So peace may reign throughout the land.

With virtuous faith our steady guide  
 To lead us on through paths untrod  
 We cannot fail our goal to reach —  
 This right of man ordained by God.

Jane Gumprecht, '42

## ABINGTON HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

*"For Country and for God"*

1906—Monahan, Rev. John F.

1915—Mabee, Ralph D.

1920—Sheehan, Fred W.

1924—Folger, Edward C.

1925—Mabee, Charles E.

1926—Howard, Franklin

1928—Ashton, Lawrence M.

Douglas, Malcolm B.

Meserve, Harold C.

Palopoli, Patrick A.

Croak, Patrick Henry

1930—Faunce, Neal B.

Johnson, Paul M.

1931—Dillon, John W.

1932—Coleman, George W.

DiCicco, Avito

Ludden, Richard F.

Seymour, Joseph

1933—Bombardier, George

Buchawski, William S.

Burton, William C.

Goodhue, Frank

1934—Condon, John J.

Gurney, David B.

Nash, Malcolm T.

Rushiewicz, Thomas

Ware, Harold L.

1935—Bradford, Ray E.

Brunet, Richard L.

Dillon, James J.

Jurgielewicz, John J.

Keleher, John

Mountford, Henry

Stoddard, Marjorie

Taylor, Henry S., Jr.

Ware, Dwight

1936—Butler, Robert W.

Giniewicz, Anthony A.

Griffin, Lawrence T.

Holmes, Ethel

Kechinski, Anthony G.

Nichols, Ralph S.

Rourke, Edward J., Jr.

Smith, Donald

Stocker, Robert, Jr.

1937—Barlow, Earle B.

Buchawski, Frank I.

Evans, Robert W.

Griffin, John L.

Gnong, Edward F., Jr.

Hansen, Erland F.

Hart, Robert T.

Lindahl, Richard

Meady, Leo F.

Ricker, Walter H.

Zakrewski, Francis

1938—Anderson, Robert

Brown, Paul, Jr.

Craig, Robert

Fader, George

Gnong, Harold

Januszewski, John J.

Leonard, Clarence

Schlieff, Walter

1939—Blanchard, Ernest A.

Blenis, George W.

Cole, William R.

Loud, Charles I.

Morse, Robert W.

Murphy, John Edward

Welch, John J.

1940—Evans, William M., Jr.

Imhoff, Charles

Olson, Bernard

Olson, Harold R.

Thompson, Ralph L.

1941—Barrows, Bernard

Blanchard, George

1942—Ex.

Cook, Charles E.

Pierce, Russell

Poole, Ray E.

Vining, Arthur

Wells, Frank E.



## EDITORIALS

### DEMOCRACY FOR THE MANY

"THE youth of today are the leaders of tomorrow." This is a statement which we have often heard and of which we often tire of hearing. Yet, we can not and must not try to escape the fact. It is because of this fact that America provides education for all her youth. American schools are training our minds for the future, but we ourselves must train our characters.

What, then, we ask, are the chief characteristics of a truly democratic individual? We can write long lists of desirable character traits — and then despair of ever attaining them all. Is there just one, we ask, which will be all-inclusive? Perhaps the one word, *unselfishness*, answers our need. All of the truly great men of the world have typified this characteristic. Let us, for example, consider Abraham Lincoln: his racial and religious tolerance, his friendliness with every type of person, his deep concern for the nation's welfare, the graceful and humble manner in which he bore the insults and criticisms of his political adversaries. Even when the gloom of war was darkest Lincoln could find time to be considerate. Tolerance, friendliness, grace, humility, consideration — which of these did not spring from an unselfish character?

A great responsibility rests upon each citizen of a democracy. One must place the welfare of the nation, or the world, ahead of one's own personal concern. When a great decision must be made, one should ask, "What will ultimately be the best for the majority of the people?" then one should go ahead and live up to his decision, sparing no sacrifice.

As individuals, we must be unselfish in our contacts with other individuals. A person can never tell how far the influence of his own kind deeds will reach. On the contrary, the effect of his selfishness reflects upon him.

As citizens, we must exercise our rights unselfishly — we must be willing to give up personal liberties so that people as a whole may have social freedom. If we abuse our privileges, which we usually call *rights*, we shall lose them. For a simple example from our own school. We were allowed, at the beginning of the year, to eat outside the cafeteria. When some people abused this privilege, we lost it.

As a nation, in order to be consistent, we must be unselfish in affairs with other nations. The present war might never have developed if after the last war we had been willing, as a nation, to cooperate in bringing about friendly relations

among all the countries of the world. I recently heard someone say, "Hitler is the product of our own selfishness." Although this may not be entirely true, it has some significance.

If each one of us, therefore, would resolve to himself, "I will never let democracy be a government of the people, by my own ideas, for my own gain, but I will uphold it as truly a government of the people, by the people, for the people," our nation will become a truly democratic one.

Dorothy Merrill, '43

### THE HOME FRONT

THE majority of people are learning that today war is not confined to the battlefield alone. The non-belligerents are just as vulnerable to devastating attacks and raids as the front lines are, and with little or no warning. Cities and towns situated at great distances from the scenes of military operations are very easily reduced to just smoldering ruins by high-powered bombers. Modern warfare turns every part of the world into a great battle-front.

Now that our freedom, our very way of life, is at stake, we must learn to do our whole part willingly. Our free and democratic government has become pretty much of a habit to us, but when such a crisis arises, as at the present time, we must realize that all the things that are so dear and familiar may be taken from us. Widespread cooperation is very much needed. Every single person who loves democracy and all it stands for, should be proud to do his or her part. No person, young or old, should be privileged to say that he is too busy to help all he can.

Above all, we must be prepared. The attack on Pearl Harbor has taught us that terrible lesson. Every citizen should be willing to give up many comforts and much time. An excellent one is the slogan of "All out for defense." Surely that is not too much to be asked of any of us, to assure the victory that we must gain. Preparation is not just slightly needed, it is *essential*.

In some way, the American people, as a whole, must be convinced of the fact that everything we have taken for granted for years is at stake. We must learn to take orders and advice from our high government officials, who surely know what is best to bring us to the victory that will once and for all stamp out from this earth, the evil forces of dictatorship.

Helen Melville, '44

## MEMORIAL DAY, 1942

IN a few weeks, we shall be celebrating another Memorial Day. What does it mean to you? How thrilling it was, as a child, to stand at the edge of the street, waiting for the parade. Soon we should hear the music, then everyone would crowd forward to catch a glimpse of the approaching parade. Yes, there were the policemen leading the parade! Next came the veterans with their guns over their shoulders, and after them the various women's auxiliaries, the school bands, and the Scouts.

After the parade came the services at the cemetery. Here, a white-haired war veteran spoke of the honored dead who had fought across the seas that we might continue a free nation. What's that? It is the veterans giving a final salute to their long dead comrades.

What are those children doing on the hill? Oh, they are just hunting for the fired shells. It was just a big noise to them. They did not understand the significance of the firing. They are having a day out from school. Yes, maybe yesterday they spoke a little piece in their school hall. One of the guest veterans spoke to them, reminiscing of the days when he was actually at the front, and he became excited and young again in remembering with satisfaction his part in victory. Today, how many of those veterans wish they were young enough to fight again! Without doubt, all of them. They've been through it and they know what it's like, yet they'd be willing to endanger their lives again for the cause of freedom.

This Memorial Day, men are marching in parade, but it is not just to do honor to those heroes who lost their lives in the last war, or the war of '61. No, this year men are heading straight for the fighting front. How many of them will return? The men who were carrying those guns had perhaps little sons who marched with tiny caps on their heads, behind their fathers who are now carrying guns. Yes, those boys who have been watching their fathers parade, and listening to war heroes tell of their experiences, are now going to see for themselves how it feels to have bombs bursting over their heads and to hear men shouting, "Over the top."

Let us hope that these brave men, once and for all, are going to finish the job that their forefathers started before them, so that when another Memorial Day comes around, it will be a real one, full of meaning, also, for the living heroes of World War II. Most of all, let us pray that our young men may again find peace and happiness the supreme rule on earth and that never again shall our Memorial Day be as it is this year!

Patricia Roberts, '44

## CIVILIAN RECREATION

SHOULD we, with our country at war, still continue all forms of recreation, or should we get down to strict, military business, win this war, and then have our fun?

This country is a fun-loving nation and not even war can deprive it of its fun. After a day of hard work in a defense plant, buying war stamps, and reading screeching headlines, the average American does not want to stay at home. Even the nearest bowling alley or theatre may provide the necessary enjoyment and that is all he asks for.

His needs are simply and inexpensively met, and by having this kind of recreation he is keeping healthy in mind, body, and spirit which is his patriotic obligation, since a healthy, strong nation is badly needed if we are to do our part in winning.

The children of the nation must be kept healthy, for on them rests the outcome of this war, and good intelligent thinking will be needed to keep the nation at peace. If the right kind of education is to be had for today's children, recreation must be at hand, for "All work and no play makes Johnnie a dull boy" and if recreation is taken from our children, they will resort to other forms of "pleasure" destructive to their education.

Therefore, children need excellent education, and after that, recreation. Recreation provides for everyone who participates in it, clean, wholesome fun, a happy disposition and fair play, all of which contribute to the making of a fine nation.

Someday all the world will be at peace and because men and women were properly educated and trained that result will be obtained, but lovers of sports will know that behind this education, recreation helped them keep on living the right, honorable way.

Janet Bowmar, '44

## THE VALUE OF A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

STRANGE as it may seem, there are yet many who fail to see the real value of a high school education. There are many things to be gained from a good high school education and it is the duty of the individual to make the most of this training. Let us consider a few of these values.

In the first place, a high school course gives us a well-rounded education. It develops our mental powers, it teaches us how to think and



concentrate, and it helps us to solve a problem that is set before us.

The high school helps prepare a young person for his life's work, whether it be a profession, a trade, or a commercial job. Our relief and unemployment rolls are filled with men who, though they are willing to work, are neither qualified nor able, because they have not completed even a high school education. As our world becomes more and more technical, the demand for technical workers increases. The basis for these is a high school education. Thus, if one is to advance, the first requirement is at least to have that education.

A sound and healthy body is needed if one is to strive for an education. That is why every high school pupil is required by law to participate in some athletics. This time could be used for studying, but wise people know that time must be given to physical development also. The high school tries to give its pupils the most beneficial athletic program possible.

Is there any better place than the gymnasium or athletic field to learn the value of good sportsmanship? There one learns to be a good loser as well as a good winner. There is no place in the world today for a poor sport!

Another value of a high school education is the ability to get along with people. In high school one may be friendly and help the one beside him or not, just as he chooses. How easy it is to take advantage of a fellow when he's down! A good high school training should teach young folks to rub elbows, to help the under-dog, to cheer one who is discouraged, and in all ways to get along with one another.

Young people must realize that they are soon to take their place in the nation and be the governing people. It is in high school that one learns about governing. This is brought about by a Student Council. One also learns here of one's own national government. If the people know nothing of the governing of the country, or of its importance, or of its affairs, then the country will surely decline.

What about honesty? This is a most necessary virtue in our world today. In high school many temptations will test our honesty: neglect of classroom work and assignments, misappropriating another's property, getting even by injuring another. So, the value of a high school education will show itself in the treatment of these problems.

A great value which one may gain in high school is faith, the faith that in the future this world may grow better and better. To make the world better we must develop this faith. We must have faith in our country and in men, in ourselves, and above all in God.

Janet Perron, '44

## THIS WAR IN THE LIGHT OF PROPHECY

"AND the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished: for that that is determined shall be done.

\* \* \*

"But in his estate shall he honour the God of forces: and a god whom his fathers knew not shall he honour with gold, and silver, and with precious stones, and pleasant things.

\* \* \*

"And at the time of the end shall the king of the south push at him: and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots, and with horsemen, and with many ships; and he shall enter into the countries, and shall overflow and pass over."—Daniel 11:36, 38, and 40.

\* \* \* \*

If in this scripture where it mentions the king who has spoken against the God we put Hitler, the king of the south, the tribes of Africa, and the king of the north, Russia, it will resemble a prediction for World War II. Every nation is involved in the war of which the prophecy speaks and while every nation has not as yet taken sides in this war, it is quite evident that they will eventually do so.

Hitler has two choices: either he must overcome Russia, which would be against the prediction, or go through Palestine and try to cut off Russia from supplies. The final battle spoken of in the preceding scripture takes place in Armageddon, which is in Palestine. Armageddon is a favorable setting for a great battle, and if the final battle takes place there, according to the prophecy that the king who places himself above God and who denounces God will be defeated.

Shirley Robinson, '44

## LITERATURE

## Fire

*Charles Bellows, '42*

T WAS mid-August. The sun shone down hard upon the small village of Stackville, nestled among the mountains of northern Maine.

The summer of 1908 had been dry, very dry; the crops had failed; the rivers were the lowest they had been in years.

A cloud of dust arose as "Eg" Sears drove up in a battered buckboard. He hitched his horse and mounted the steps to Snowden's General Store. "Man! but it's sure hot," he muttered as he eased himself down on the creaking steps.

"When's it gonna rain, Ed?" asked Eg, "why 'tain't sprinkled hard 'nough to notice since last July."

"Shore is dry 'nough. Don't you cal'late it'll rain pretty soon, Judge?" asked a tall, lanky farmer from down the valley, named Ed James.

"Well, boys," said a short, stocky man in a felt hat, known thereabouts as the judge for no particular reason, "if'n that thar lumber mill up the crick ain't more careful of their new-fangled engine o' theirs, we's gonna have one whale of a forest fire in this neck of the woods mighty soon. Why, I was down at Jeb Hollis' back-lot t'other day and I started a reg'lar dust storm 'twas so dry."

"Well," said Eg, "if'n we don't git a little perpindicular dew pretty soon, it's gonna be just like the judge sez, and me with my crops all bunt up with this here drought, I'm kinda planning on doin' some lumber'n this winter to pay my taxes."

"What d'ya say, Judge? You kinda mosey up thar tomorra and put a flea in them fellars' ear, I'm planning on a few logs to help out this year as well as rest of ya, and if'n those fellas think they're gonna quit my chances, they're just plain crazy," said Ed.

"I'll do that little thing, boys; but just now I gotta git home and beat a few rugs for Elvira. She's been a-naggin' me all day," said the "Judge."

As the afternoon wore on, one by one the bitter farmers made their way home to do the evening chores.

That night as the blazing sun sank below the purple mountains, darkness fell to cool the scorched valley beneath.

As the stars shone brightly, a small glow appeared behind the lumber-mill. The hot donkey engine had thrown a spark into a nearby brush pile and the cool night wind had fanned it into a blaze.

The fire caught quickly, and spread to the nearby brush piles. A west wind blew it into the forest and the hungry flames swept on toward the silent town in the valley below.

Jimmy Lawson, Mr. Snowden's hired boy, who slept in the back room of the store, first gave the alarm.

Already the fire had swept almost a mile toward the town; the wind had swept it up to a bonfire and it was traveling at locomotive speed.

The villagers organized quickly and tried first to cut a path through the woods, but the fire quickly jumped this and swept down the valley.

Already help had arrived from surrounding hamlets. The wild game was pouring from the forest — deer, moose, rabbits, squirrels, racoons, and birds of all description filled the air with their cries and covered the ground in their panic to escape the awaiting peril.

Eg Sears had taken some of the other valley farmers around on the south side to try to push the fire towards the crick before it reached the town and destroyed it and the valuable timber below, upon which the men were banking so heavily to pull them through the oncoming winter.

As day approached, there was a small group of blackened men, clothes burned, hair singed, and backs about broken from a hard night's work.

A back fire was started. "Come on, boys. We'll never git no place a-loafin'," cried Eg as he vainly tried to encourage the already dead-tired men. "Git them fires a-goin', Sam! Watch out thet fire don't git in back o' ya. String out, fellas, git it a-goin', that blaze is comin' like kingdom come. If'n you git too hot or on fire, git some mud from the swamp to put onta ya," commanded the already hoarse Eg.

Suddenly the wind changed, and the backfire swept back in a U shape, entrapping Eg and his followers. Not 'til the fire could be seen creeping through the brush as only fire can, did the men recognize their peril.



Their only safety lay in getting into the swamp and keeping off the fire until the wind changed or the fire burned out.

The men quickly realized their only hope and made a mad dash for the swamp. As the summer had been dry, so was the swamp; but the mud was wet and the men burrowed into the mud, spreading out in a circle so the blaze could not creep up upon their backs again.

"Man! this is as hot at Aunt Matilda's kitchen on cookin' day," exclaimed one of the men.

The cinders fell like autumn leaves, and sparks showered down like a hail storm. As fast as it caught onto the brush the men beat it out; but even so the fire crept in with ever-increasing rapidity.

"Men," commanded Eg, "git your axes and cut down all the brush in this here circle," which he indicated with his hand. The men did as they were bidden, for it meant their own lives. Every now and then a man would dash to the water to douse a piece of flaming clothing.

When the circle was cut, the men again burrowed into the black slime of the swamp to see if the fire would spare them.

Slowly the blaze crept forward, only to die out at the edge of the swamp. The backfire had succeeded, their lives were saved, and the peril was over.

A dozen or so men had very nearly lost their lives; hundreds of acres of virgin timber had been destroyed; unaccountable numbers of animals had died, trapped in their holes in the woods. Why? Because a few people chose to be careless.

This same scene is enacted time and again throughout our country; millions of dollars in timber are lost; many lose their lives. Why? Just because someone flicks away a cigarette butt into a pile of dry brush, or someone is too lazy to put out a camp fire.

What human being can take such a decision upon himself as to say whether or not thousands of dollars, hundreds of animals and wild life, and perhaps many human beings like himself shall or shall not be destroyed through his carelessness?

Charles Bellows, '42

## VACATION

A SUMMER vacation out-of-doors is a wise health investment, not only for keeping a sound, healthy body, but also for maintaining a peaceful and happy frame of mind.

For ten months of the year, the average student is in a classroom during the most beneficial part of the day. The average businessman and

woman are at work during these same hours. For this reason it is wise for them to spend as much time as possible in the fresh air and sunlight.

During the summer months the body is able to store up large quantities of vitamin D from the sunlight. Because of its natural source it is commonly called the "sunshine vitamin." The more vitamin D the body is able to store up during the summer, the better resistance it has to colds and disease in the winter. Although the exact cause of colds is not known, it has definitely been proven that vitamin D is one of the best resistance forces.

After working for the greater part of the year the human mind as well as the body is ready for a rest. A rest does not mean a complete departure from any kind of thinking, but a chance to get away from routine duties, to relax, and to pursue those things which are naturally interesting to the individual. The combination of healthy exercise and mental relaxation enables the body, in a very short time, to strengthen itself and once again to resume the normal activities of daily living.

All in all, the benefits of an out-of-doors vacation for maintaining a sound and healthy body and mind speak for themselves.

Betty Bauman, '44

## FOR WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING?

AMERICA is now engaged in the most serious struggle in its history. We are fighting for the protection and endless duration of freedoms which made us great.

In modern mechanized war, the victory is to the side that can produce, in greatest quantity and of proper type and quality, the goods and apparatus of war. Because we can do this, we shall win. Under the urge of free competition—the greatest urge to effort and initiative—America has produced in normal conditions from two to three times as much per worker as other nations, and enjoyed the world's highest standard of living.

The totalitarian states, on the other hand, substituting government control for the healthy stimulus of competition, and inciting the forces of fear, hatred and revenge, have promised to reward their people with the fruits of conquests and spoils. The unavowed result has been betrayal, privation, and ruin, both for their own people and for the conquered population. Between the American and totalitarian regimes, the contrast is between freedom and slavery.

John Holgerson, '44

# TOLERANCE AS AN AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Louise Blake, '42

In an essay contest recently sponsored by the London Clothing Corporation of North Abington, Louise Blake was awarded first prize for her essay on the subject, "Toleration as an American Way of Life." Grace Goucher, '42; Elsie Bowmar, '43, and Ruth Hill, '42, received second, third, and fourth awards, respectively.



**T**OLERANCE as an American Way of Life — To those thinking of the Americans' treatment of the Indians and negroes, undeniably characterized by intolerance, this may seem a subject for debate; to others, it is a principle known to be true, used here as an incentive to arouse young minds to investigate and appreciate its great worth and deep meaning.

It is not, however, presumptuous reasoning to assume this slogan to be true. Tolerance is an American way of life. It is as closely related to the people and government of the United States as is Democracy itself. Usually understood as meaning "the allowance of freedom of action or judgment to other people, the patient and unprejudiced endurance of dissent from one's own or the generally received course or view,"\* tolerance shows itself to be the very foundation upon which Democracy is built. When we guarantee to all the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and freedom of speech, we are announcing that we, as a nation, are tolerant. We are following exactly the definition of tolerance, under the name of Democracy.

"In all ages enlightened minds have favored toleration. It was the rule among the ancient Greeks and also among the Romans, until religion became so identified with state affairs that refusal to accept the state religion was treason to the government. Toleration was unknown in practice during the Middle Ages, although it had earnest advocates among Christians, Mohammedans, and pagans. In modern times toleration has been a growth of the past three centuries." ‡ The search for religious toleration led the Pilgrims to America. It was this band of weary and oppressed Europeans who laid the foundation of our country — upon the principle of tolerance. However, their vision of a land of freedom of worship did not soon materialize, for they themselves made support of the church and worship in it compulsory. According to *The Americana*, as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century men were imprisoned in New England for refusing to pay taxes for maintenance of the local church. But this does not

mean that the Americans of that era did not favor tolerance. The fact that many of the colonies were established by people seeking tolerance in some form remains to prove that even then tolerance was an American way of life.

In her treatment of labor, education, and politics America again exemplifies tolerance. In what other country are these factions granted the privileges and benefits allowed them in the United States? Imagine Germany supporting two labor unions each with the power to adjust wages and hours and to call strikes! Where are the free public schools of Europe compelling all to be educated at the expense of the government? But where is there a government like ours of the people, by the people, and for the people?

Perhaps the most powerful of all examples of tolerance is American racial tolerance. To her everlasting credit America has long been known as the "Melting Pot" where those of every race, color, and creed may live and work and play together in harmony. One of Germany's most shameful acts of the present war was her wholesale persecution of the Jewish people. The sharp contrast in the American treatment of the Jew was emphasized by Woodrow Wilson when he wrote, "They are not Jews in America, they are American citizens." †

With so many parallel constructions to be drawn between American tolerance and German intolerance, it appears that *intolerance* and *dictatorship* are related as closely as are *tolerance* and *democracy*. The object of this world-wide turmoil is to annihilate the forces of destructive dictatorship and to liberate the subjugated peoples of war-torn Europe. This is a war against intolerance!

It is not to be supposed that America has a spotless record of tolerance characterizing her existence. There have been instances when she has not completely fulfilled the requirements of a tolerant democracy.

But examples such as these do not prove that the American people and this great American nation are not tolerant. They only show that there are thousands to condemn the actions of a few, and that all those who condemn intolerance are proving themselves to be believers in tolerance — the American way of life.

\* *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

‡ *The Americana*.

† *The Jew and Civilization* by Ada Sterling.



## A DAY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Patricia Keith, '44*

**I**HAD heard of Washington, D. C., seen pictures of it in the movies and magazines, and listened to commentators speak of it on the radio, but to me it was just another city which happened to be the capital of the nation, a city about which I did not know much.

Upon leaving Union Station, one sees the dome of the Capitol Building looming majestically above everything else. I just stood and stared. There it was before my very eyes. I had seen many pictures of the Capitol Building, but seeing the real thing gave me a thrill I shall never forget.

We hired a car and a guide and started off to see the entire city in a day. Looking back, I realize that it was quite an accomplishment, for Washington is no small city. There are many buildings, and to make it more beautiful they are all low and spread out with great spaces between them. The streets are all lined with trees, and the buildings are all surrounded by beautiful green lawns. Although I did not go into the business district, I imagine there are but few lawns or trees there.

The first building we visited was the Supreme Court Building which is made entirely of marble brought from Vermont.

We next went to the Library of Congress where we saw among many other things the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence.

We then went to the Capitol Building itself. At the door guards took away any cameras the people might have and went through the men's pockets and the women's pocket-books. In a guided group we went through the entire building. As neither the Senate nor the House of Representatives was in session, we went into both chambers. As I stood there I could hardly believe that all the laws of the nation were made in these very rooms. We also saw Statuary Hall, the old Supreme Court Chamber, and the President's room, which was planned and used by Lincoln. As it was Saturday, we were allowed to have dinner in the restaurant of the House of Representatives, where I saw many of the men I have heard spoken of in the news.

Out of the Capitol Building we went to the Mellon Art Galleries, the erection of which cost about seventeen million dollars. The building, which is very new, is, like most of the other buildings, of solid marble. I have never seen a more beautiful building.

We were allowed thirty minutes to go through the Smithsonian Institute. I can assure you we did not, by any means, go through it in that length of time. In fact, we went through only about three rooms. One could easily spend weeks there seeing such things as "The Spirit of St. Louis," Lindberg's plane; the flag that Key watched when he wrote "The Star Spangled Banner"; the Wright brothers' plane, a dress from the wardrobe of each President's wife, and a true-to-life size model of a coal mine. I could go on like this forever, but I will not.

We drove past the White House. Since the beginning of the war no tourists have been allowed inside the gates. The flag was up, which means that the President was within.

The Lincoln Memorial is just about as I expected it would be, except that it is almost twice as large as my conception of it was. This was one of the most inspiring buildings I saw.

On our way to Mount Vernon we stopped at the Old Christ Church, where George Washington used to attend services. It gave me an eerie feeling to sit in the same pew in which Washington sat so many years ago.

Mount Vernon will always stand out in my mind as one of the most impressive places I have seen. It is not at all as I had expected it to be. I had thought the road ran along in front of the house. Instead, the Potomac River is in front of it and the road is a considerable distance behind it. The house cannot be seen from the road and the road cannot be seen from the house.

In front of the house is a long, wide, sloping lawn which eventually seems to disappear in the trees which extend to the foot of the hill on which the house stands. The Potomac River is at the foot of the hill. Washington's tomb is off to the side among the trees near the river.

Mount Vernon is one of the few remaining examples of the plantations around which centered the highly developed social and economic life of the South in the eighteenth century.

Returning to Washington, D. C., we stopped at Arlington Cemetery to see the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We were very fortunate in being there when the guards changed. The new guard was brought in by a corporal, and during the ceremony which followed, not a sound was audible except for the voice of the corporal giving orders and the sound of the guns as they moved.

On the marble floor, on which the tomb is placed, is a trough worn by the feet of the guards as they march back and forth in front of the tomb. I enjoyed Washington even more than I did the World's Fair. Washington is not just there to make money and to amuse the people. It really stands for something and is there to stay. The World's Fair has long since been taken down because it could not run at a profit, while the solid marble buildings of Washington will remain as a lasting monument to the American way of life. They give at once the impression of grandeur and stability.

Without exception, Washington, D. C., is the most beautiful and most thrilling city I have ever seen or ever hope to see.

### THE GIBRALTAR OF THE PACIFIC

THE Hawaiian Islands are sometimes called "America's Gibraltar of the Pacific." Let us see why this is true. These islands are composed of five mountainous islands, lying 2,000 miles from our West Coast in the Pacific Ocean.

The history of Hawaii is an interesting one. The islands were discovered during the third year of our Revolutionary War, but were not used before the nineteenth century, when missionaries and traders settled there. These islands remained in the background for a number of years, until the time of the Civil War. At this time they began to supply the Northern forces with sugar. The Westward expansion after the Civil War brought Hawaii still closer to us. During the years Hawaii remained somewhat aloof from other countries and showed no signs of joining any nation until 1874, when a plot of land, later to be called Pearl Harbor, was handed over to us. This was in exchange for a treaty which permitted Hawaiian products to enter this country free from duty.

The annexation of Hawaii did not take place until the Spanish-American War. The Hawaiian Islands were then made "an integral part of the United States" with the promise of eventual statehood. Her citizens thereby became citizens of the United States. They were thereafter subject to all Federal laws and taxes.

Today the Hawaiian Islands stand as sentinels in the vast Pacific Ocean. The great Pearl Harbor Naval Base, at the start of World War II, was described as the "greatest maritime fortress in the world." Since then an additional \$30,000,000 has been spent on it. Between Pearl Harbor and Honolulu stands Hickam Field, built for \$12,000,000 by the United States Army Air Corps. Hawaii's military importance today should be ably understood.

The investment in Hawaii has been one of the most profitable investments ever made by

this country. The debt to Hawaii, when it was annexed, was \$4,000,000. Since it has paid to the United States treasury \$150,000,000. The territory of Hawaii is today worth \$425,000,000, with a peace-time commerce of \$215,000,000 annually. In addition to this, \$100,000,000 worth of goods are bought from this country annually.

Why is Hawaii important commercially? This question can be answered in two words, sugar and pineapples. The island sends to the United States \$55,000,000 worth of sugar yearly. Hawaiian pineapple fields produce 848,000,000 pounds of canned pineapple and juice. This amounts to eighty percent of the world's supply.

Today, in these times of war, the Hawaiian Islands play a prominent part in the safety of our country. Indeed, the Army and Navy guard more than rocks and miles of beaches, they guard Hawaii, the "Gibraltar of the Pacific."

John Richard, '44

### SEARCHLIGHTS

OVER our town, night after night, one sees ribbons of light sweeping the skies, searching, searching for that which is not there and which, pray God, may *never* be there. These ribbons of light are searchlights, manned by soldiers of the United States Army. These men, many of whom are probably thousands of miles from home, sleep at night in open tents on the fields of neighboring communities, with but one thought in mind—ultimate defeat of Hitlerism and the preservation of the American Way of Life.

What does all this mean? Why searchlights here, far away from Bataan, Iceland, or Khubishev? It means that we, citizens of the greatest country on earth, as citizens of the home front can rest assured that someone is watching, waiting, in the event that if Zeros and Messerschmitts are so foolhardy as to come within firing range of our coast, they will be blown to bits. Searchlights are an emblem.

It all reminds us that we, minute men of 'forty-two, must also share in the burdens of war, not by manning searchlights, guns, tanks, planes, and numerous other implements of war. We are protected. Those on the Burma Road are not. If they are to have bayonets and gas masks, we can, and must go without rubber, sugar, and gasoline. So let every man, woman, and child of this great land resolve to go one step further towards helping MacArthur, so that when searchlights cease to sweep our skies at night, neither the Rising Sun nor the swastika, but the Star Spangled Banner will still be flying from our flag poles.

Raymond Richard, '44



## VACATION TIME

*Elsie Bowmar, '43*



ALTHOUGH my sister and I are typical New Englanders, who stick close to the seaboard, about February 18 we ventured a trip to Florida. As we neared northern Florida, we noticed that the scenery took on a tropical appearance. The scrubby pines and oaks so characteristic of New England had been replaced by the palmetto palm, and the giant oak awesomely enshrouded in Spanish moss.

On the day of our arrival in Miami the rain was the only familiar element. You can imagine the empty feeling in the pit of my stomach as I looked around and saw no one but a shiny-faced porter with an outstretched hand and an ungratifying look in his eye. I was so completely muddled I gave him a half dollar and carried my own bag. Heaven knows what promoted that magnanimous gesture. Through this muddle the last words of my father finally penetrated, "I'll see you Friday night at eleven."

Happy day! It was Friday noon. Then, as always, ready to accept the worst, I sat down to wait. It was one o'clock—ten more hours. O well, we were doggedly resigned to our fate. We were becoming a trifle discouraged with the waiting when a familiar figure came through the door. For a minute I did not recognize it, but, of course, it was my mother. She was tanned and looked pretty wonderful to me, pretty wonderful to both of us. Once more we took our bags and this time to our well known car. We caught our first glimpse of the renowned Miami skyline, that miniature of New York, through a leaden haze of rain.

To think of swimming in February makes me envious of Floridians. The next day the rain had ceased and the entire group was stretched lazily on the sand, "tanning." As I could not bother with all that nonsense I headed for the water. Soon I found that Floridian breakers are not as gentle as the rolling waters off Cape Cod. The water both looked and felt as though a storm were lashing the coast and a small hurricane were constantly brewing, but the sky was ever blue and clear. The sand was whirled about with the wind, but there was always the sun. On one of the cloudless days I noticed a streak of dark rough water. After much argument it was decided that was the Gulf Stream.

Man has had considerable to do with Florida's success. Any map of Miami and Miami Beach reveals a number of rectangles jutting from the mainland. Engineers have made this new land

area—brought it from the ocean bed. Sunny Isles was to me the most fascinating as well as most beautiful of all the peninsulas. All the homes and apartments have had to be created of sturdy hurricane-proof materials, because no sooner were light bungalows built than a wind "mowed them down."

For two whole days I tramped through fruit groves of twenty acres, sixty acres, one hundred acres, each one with its own peculiar redeeming feature. As we drove up to one of the groves, "Quail Roost" was the name, we saw only the lofty spires of Australian pines barricading the entire grove. Later I learned that all this splendid beauty had its pecuniary value, which knowledge somehow dampened my spirits. The trees acted as a fortress from the winds and also against the variable temperatures which might seriously harm any trees left unprotected. As we approached the iron gate I could see the broad cement walk, graced on either side by royal palms. The lawn had been cut and there was about the place a pungent odor of oranges and lemons and lilies and sunshine, and a wind still sharp from the sea. This was a moment not easily to be forgotten.

One night we were giving our orders to the waiter. I wanted a Florida fresh-fruit salad and some freshly-fried Florida mackerel. I tried to pronounce the syllables, but in vain. All the members of our party started laughing and coughing. Maybe if you have someone tell a funny joke and then try to say Florida fresh fruit salad and freshly fried Florida mackerel you will understand what my difficulty was.

Janet and I were lost one night before sundown. We were in the midst of every imaginable wonder of Nature, her flowers, her trees and the whole hush of an approaching evening. Just walking by the houses gave us a feeling of nearness that a fleet passing in a car could never bring. One house in particular was very low. Its roof was emblazoned by Spanish tile and the fire vine, and a multitude of hibiscus plants grew in front of it, their blossoms varying from deep amber to palest creme and from regal purple to soft orchid. They were interspersed with the grey-green palm spears of low-growing trees. Each street and boulevard has such homes, each one different, elaborated with color but with simplicity in every detail. No plot of land is without its fragile flower, its blowing grass.

*(Continued on page 24)*

## POETRY



## Awakening

Budding trees,  
 Buzzing bees,  
 Blossoms bright and gay;  
 Splashing streams,  
 Happy dreams,  
 Fill my thoughts today.

Spring is here!  
 Summer's near;  
 Days grow warm and long.  
 A joyous bird  
 Can be heard  
 Bursting into song.

Louise Blake, '42

## Utopia

A world of peace and lasting love  
 Where freedom's banners dot the sky,  
 Where God still reigns supreme above,  
 Upholding right and justice high;

A land where men can freely live  
 Without the curse of greed and hate,  
 Where homes are free from poverty  
 And happiness surpasses fate!

This future world of happiness  
 We now are striving for.  
 We'll break the bonds of tyranny  
 And peace shall be our law.

Jane Gumprecht, '42

## Evening

The glow of sunset lights the west;  
 Sweet bells of twilight ring;  
 Now softly sinks the day to rest;  
 The birds their goodnights sing.

Both near and far earth's tumult dies;  
 In creep the shadows gray;  
 While darker, dimmer grow the skies  
 That mark the end of day.

One twinkling star now softly gleams  
 With mild and tranquil ray.  
 Beasts and birds are lulled to dreams  
 In the dim hush of day.

Mary Angeley, '43



## New Hope

I walked out on the sea wall;  
 The salt wind whipped my hair;  
 I seemed to feel His presence  
 About me — everywhere.

His voice was in the high wind.  
 His touch, the salt sea spray:  
 This meeting gave me courage  
 To face the coming day.

Betty Bauman, '44



## BOOK REVIEWS

### Botany Bay

*By Charles Nordoff and James N. Hall*

BOTANY BAY is a novel which is keyed with excitement from beginning to end. The scene is laid in the middle seventeen hundreds and the first action takes place in London. It concerns a young man who becomes entangled with a highwayman. The two, along with their landlady, are arrested and imprisoned on the charge of robbery.

The deplorable state of the prisons of the period is vividly described. The people are so poor that they have to steal in order to live. The punishments inflicted, even for trivial crimes, are very severe: as a result the jails are overcrowded.

After a few months spent in Newgate Prison, the hero and his two friends, along with many other prisoners, are transported to the penal colony of Australia. In this uncultivated land, where but few white men have set foot, they begin a new life. The greater part of the book deals with the adventures and sufferings of these convicts, who are thus isolated from the world.

Not a small amount of value from the book may be derived from its historical background. The development of the Australian continent from a penal colony to a thriving farmland is strikingly interwoven with the plot.

Therese Smith, '43

### Cross Creek

*By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*

THIS fascinating novel, which has the same country background as *THE YEARLING*, is an autobiography of the author. The descriptions of sub-tropical Florida with its captivating beauty are created with such ease and simplicity that the reader is, in imagination, surrounded by the beauties of Florida's peaceful wilderness.

The author writes about everyday life at her home at Cross Creek; but the unusual incidents which take place are so vividly related, and the characters are so skillfully portrayed that this narrative does not appear as autobiography. It is the story of a city woman learning how to live in harmony with the negroes in her vicinity.

The novel is really made up of a series of short stories but stories unlike most magazine short stories, because they are actual episodes in the author's life.

CROSS CREEK will satisfy readers who enjoy real character study, which includes humorous

dialect of the Southern negroes, as well as those who find satisfaction in vivid depiction of the scenery and wild life of a certain American region.

Constance Arnold, '43

### Dragon Seed

*By Pearl S. Buck*

DRAGON SEED by Pearl S. Buck is a novel of the common people of occupied but unconquered China. It depicts life as it was both before the invasion of China and afterward. It tells of the pain and suffering of the proud race which once believed itself above such an evil as war.

The story concerns a farmer, Ting San, and his sons and daughters, who lived together outside the walls of Nanking. Each member of the family was tragically, often cruelly, affected by the war which they neither understood nor wanted. The war was unreal to the family, nor did it really exist for them until they were separated, the home ruined, and plundered and the land laid waste.

DRAGON SEED not only shows how the farmer is affected, but it characterizes men from all walks of life. After reading this story, one can better understand problems in the East. It helps the reader to understand the Chinese people and their way of thinking: it shows how poorly prepared China was for war; it also makes vital the spirit of the people.

Helen Gawronski, '43

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### The Brighter Side

ALONG with the grimness and horror of the war, the cartoonists are having a field day. A picture of contemporary life and thought are vividly described by cartoons, which bring out the humorous side of a serious situation. With the present day life stepped up and everyone keyed up, the opportunities are enlarged. The much-used mother-in-law, absent-minded professor, and Scotchman jokes are taking a well earned rest while we laugh over rationing and our efforts to adjust ourselves to change.

An illustration of the shortage problem is a cartoon showing a waiter telling a customer that he is permitted a ten-second dip of a lump of sugar in his coffee. Or the one where one horse says to another, "Do you think the monkey will ever replace the man?" Another cartoon shows a blindfolded man being led by a cat, and one onlooker says to another, "He's training her to be a Seeing Eye cat — for blackouts."

An exaggerated description of a golf game calls our attention to the golf ball shortage. One man says to another, "What with the shortage of golf balls, Henderson tees off, they race down the fairway, and the first one to reach the ball gets the next shot."

I like the one where a man and his wife are sitting in the living room amidst newspapers which scream of higher taxes, war news, and labor strikes. The man says, "Boy! wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just recapture those happy, carefree depression years?"

There are many cartoons about first aid. A typical one shows a man going to work on a train with his arm in a sling. He turns to his neighbor and says, "I have to keep it on until my wife has a chance to show it to her first-aid instructor."

Cartoons like the ones I have described are striking examples of the freedom of a democracy. Here is a contrast. Goering once said, "The New Order and humor go hand in hand to victory." Quoted, "A German comedian read this and a few days later as he came on the stage he raised his hand and said, "Heil," then looked confused and said, "Heil," again. After saying that a few more times he said, "Oh, I never can think of that man's name." This German comedian was immediately sent to a concentration camp — so the story goes.

As long as we can laugh at our shortcomings and our problems we are a healthy, united, and courageous people. Cartoonists perform a real service to the country, so let's appreciate them while we enjoy all the good laughs they afford us.

Barbara Wheatley, '43

### "WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE"

DUCKEYE MILLER and I just do not get along. There isn't anything particularly wrong with Duckeye. Other people like him, and he likes them. The same people are my friends, too. It is just one of those fine old enmities that has grown up with us for the past ten years.

Living next door and being in the same class complicates it. When we were small if our mothers let us out at the same time, we tried to murder each other. Then we got to the stage of calling each other horrid names. As we grew older, we tried to avoid each other. If we did meet we were just too polite.

Our "hate" is a sort of tradition. Everyone respects it and takes the fact for granted that we do not go to the same places at the same time.

Well, when Miss Ross announced that Wilbert Miller and Dorothea Conrad would visit the city jail and write a joint, I was amazed. I stole a

glance out of the corner of my eye and found Duckeye as bewildered as I.

When class was over, Duckeye stood up in the aisle.

"When will it be *convenient* for you to make the tour of inspection, Dot?"

I got out an especially sweet voice, the kind my older sister uses on me when her boy friends are around.

"I hardly know, Duckeye; perhaps tomorrow, perhaps next week."

"I believe you have overlooked one thing. Miss Conrad."

"Yes, Mr. Miller?"

"We have to go together."

"That is hardly pleasanter for me than for you. However, I have an iron stomach, so I shall probably survive."

His voice seemed forced when he said he would call for me the next day.

I overslept the next morning, partly because it was raining and partly because I wanted to put off the ordeal awaiting me.

To carry out my plan for being distant and aloof, I dressed in my blue silk dress, my sister's high heels, and her hat with the veil.

I was glad that I had "dressed up" because Duckeye was wearing old sneakers, faded slacks, and a raincoat. It seemed that he could not help but feel inferior.

Neither of us spoke on the bus and when we got to the jail, the tour was not nearly as exciting as I had expected it to be. My feet hurt so from the high heels that I was glad when the tour was over.

The rain was pouring down when we got out, and Duckeye offered to lend me his raincoat. I opened my mouth and shut it again. I had forgotten all about the bus home and did not have any money. When I asked Duckeye, he didn't have any either. I did not take his raincoat until I saw that my dress would be ruined if I didn't. It made me look like an animated circus tent. The veil got limp and the little red dots got gummy and stuck to my face. I took the hat off and stuck it under Duckeye's coat.

"How — how do you feel?" Duckeye asked anxiously.

"Awfully tired," I grinned.

"Do you feel ill?"

"Why?"

"You are all broken out. Little red spots all over your face, like measles."

I took the mirror from my purse and looked at my face.



"Just from the veil," I explained.

Duckeye took his handkerchief and wiped them off. The rest of the walk seemed short.

"Come in," I said. "We can raid the refrigerator."

"Not now. I'll come over after supper and we can work on our report."

My sister was setting the table.

"How is the feud between you and Duckeye?" she asked, smiling.

"That is a thing of the past," I said. "Wilbert Miller, I'll have you know, is a gentleman and a scholar."

Eleanor Faxon, '43

## WAR-TIME RESPONSIBILITY

IN ANY war the responsibility of the nation's citizens is very great, but particularly in this war, the responsibility of the citizens of the United States is greater than it has ever been before in the history of this nation.

Some people say that we can very easily win the war in which we are engaged, but the majority of our citizens know that if we want to win we must fight in every way that will help the government. Those who say that we can easily win this war are taking upon themselves no extra responsibility to help win. They are the people who do the least for the country. They are also the people who will be very sorry if they do not change their minds and conserve the things which are necessary to help win the war. Those who know that they must fight to win are trying to assume a double responsibility to make up for the slackers.

The government is trying to warn the people that they must fight hard and do with just the bare necessities of life. The government is doing many things to help people understand their respective places in the war. It has arranged many courses from which the people may choose the ones for which they are the best suited. It censors the war reports to make sure that no valuable information is given out to the enemy. The government has many agencies, the chief occupation of which is to watch for and capture foreign agents. There are numerous other things which the government does to help the people win the war. If only the people would co-operate more with the government it could do still better work than it is now doing.

The chief responsibility of the people is to conserve on those things that the government has told us are needed to win the war. Some of

the most important things on which we must conserve are sugar, rubber, gasoline, paper, wool, and silk. Though the things I have just named are but a few, they serve as an example. There are many more just as important.

People who are wasteful are not wanted in any country during war-time. They are not only wasting something which can probably be used, they are really depriving either themselves or someone else. There are many wasteful people. If they could only overcome their careless habits, they might become very helpful to the country. There will always be some careless people in every country, no matter what anyone says to them or what the circumstances happen to be.

There are others who are over-thrifty and they are as bad as the wasteful ones. They are not helpful to a country because they are sure to deprive some person of something he needs. If they would be a little more generous, they would serve the country better. In every country there are these people who go to the extreme no matter what the circumstances happen to be, but the people who are helpful to a country are always in the majority.

Jeanne Bailey, '44

## Vacation Time

*(Continued from page 20)*

or its rustling palm-branch. To remember being lost in Miami is to remember walking before the blaze of a sunset before the rush of humanity crashes the sweet calm for the later gaiety.

The day before we left for home my father and I made another trip to "Quail Roost." There I spied a litter of Mexican Chihuahua puppies. In the litter there were three black puppies, and a single brown one. The little brown one is here beside me now, and how she does love my precious Nylons! My mother was frantic when she saw me bringing the puppy to her, but the little "beastie" had a winning way she could not resist.

We stopped the first night outside Savannah and, much to my disgust, saw that it was spitting snow. Lady Tucker was shivering and crying (I had wrapped her in a blanket and put her in the bureau drawer, which was closed just enough so Tuckie could not get out.) She would not stop crying until I took her to bed with me. She slept serenely until five o'clock. Then she felt like playing. I yawn at the thought of those next three nights.

Time flew and our vacation came to an end, a most enjoyable vacation in a land of flowers and fruits and sunshine.

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